## - PROHION'S SEPEN AGES



SEVEN AGES. R Fashion Concourse From the Baby to the Aucient Dame.

Today appears an assemblage of fashthose that are appropriate for the young as well us these designed for the old.

Differing from Shakespeare's seven ages
of men, the infant and the cappy and
hairless implividual cans teeth at the other end of the string are missing. Fastion has no use either for the very young or the very not. In one case the model has no appreciation of the pre-walling modes, and in the other the prevalling modes have no one for agent and electronic figuros.

The youngest model is a teddler of two or three rigged out in a French little coat and hat. A mother needs coniv to look at the figure to be able to copy this stylish little rig for her own baby. Next is the little miss of seven grammal for a children's dance. The lit-the caps thrown over her shoulders is a dopoledly new and tetching idea.

For the gul who is not yet out, yet who expects to some don the gowns and nies of a full fledged belle, the third costume is especially appropriate. It is of a dainty pale puts chiffon, with rabbons, fan, elippere, etc., on suite.

Number four shows us the debutante in her emptre green, the simple beauty of which but emphasizes the innocent ex-pectant look in the pretty ingenue's face. Next the bud blossomed into the rose, a young matron whose dinner gown is ed to do honor to an entertainment over which she presides as hostess.

Middle life, with its quieter dress, and trospective rather than future tendency is shown in the sweet faced woman who, though having given up the frip-peries, new pins her faith and her enjoyest to the substantials of life more emitable to her years.

The last gives us the gray bulcetdame mother. The quant gowns of other days are morn by few. The old lady of the present day adopts stiff and rustling breendes, and the severe though elegant atyle shown by the last of her line. In every age has been given the most mostish and appropriate styles and when ranged together they present striking examples of modes for young and old for the season of 1802-01-Philadelphia

Our Woman of Fashion.

"Oest tree jollie," uttored in a tope of abniration, first caught my ear as I stood in front-of that beautiful window, and I turned to discover two French belies volutely talking and carnestly gestleulating as they regarded the novelties. "Es may bonito," came next, and two more ladies passed judgment In words that I could not catch. Then I heart in more familiar language: "When hurpening"

What has become of the true Yankee. I thought is she then, indeed, no more? And how relieved I felt when a gay creature slopped up to the same point of observation and cried, with ore enthusisem that all the others nubined: "Isn't this just perfectly

But they were all right. I quite agreed with them; it was a beautiful ndow, with soft, pale-yellow slik stretched acress, and on it hid most delicate parasols and fans painted in belliant colorings. On small spright stands were placed some exquisite septimiz hate.

First I gave my attention to the fans -Lole Fuller fam every one of them -with belliant figures painted on them, and broad dashes of light being fisched from the sides on the centra figure, where was amally some demsel with voluminous dragery ascending lightly toward the heavens, borne on delivers airy clouds.

The parasile were worthy of the decreat admiration. I paid them full rages. Those handles were the pret-West things I had seen for a long time. There were three lying rolled in their secures. The parasol cover of to-day is not a thing to be discarded or left at home. It is just as altractive as any past of the shade. One was a palegrow sills, with few gold actin stripes. very far apart, running through it. At the top and boatom of the ower was a bly here pull of the same material tied with allie sords. The handle was white with a hunch of violete on the amob and a big green bow a little be-

The second was a heavy confed allk in yother, with the same preffs on the some, and with a beautiful posel bandly almost ownered with a network of gold. And the third was a larender, atripal like number one, with gold, and the handle theroof was also white, with a cameo set at the top, surrounded with small brilliants.

There were also some open paranols, all in fine lace, but they colled much prettier closed, with their puris and

Nurt I examined the late and saw one greaty little boundt of black laos. week a housele of prancies by front, beside which appears up small carried gold when all sowers with severalds and phinascones, which must the little benand sparkly all over There was a high hat of pale, why strong that had strain arraments in from some straw-outgraph weight, and an improved let bestierffig. I viw a number of hote largety assessmil with jet, have both hig and One was made on a fordy

a targe ornament that stood up in

front.
There was a pretty raspherry hat. As one woman said: "It was quite enough for the street and pretty and fancy enough for evening wear." This was a rather small abape made of row upon row of dull gold braid, a facey braid with a small scallop. In the front rose straply a neantiful hollyhook in volvet of a genuine raspberry shade. The atem was his green, looking well with the dull gold and the blossom. At the back there were a few knots of velvet ribbon to match the hollyhook.

Mignonette is very popular for trim-ming old hats that need freshening. One sees considerable wheat, too, although theme are not the days for it.



One evening bonnet is trimmed all with fine wheat and lavender valuet, with a

touch here and there of bright gold. Have you seen the new silks? They are very fresh and fair, with their small flower bunches printed on pale grounds. The rainbow silks are quite familing. Not only are they shot with two colors on the surface-say sage and old roseand fleeked with another, but beneath you see all the shades of the rainbow subtly shaded, one into the other, so gradually that you can discern no dividing line. Then there are more bright pialds, for the plaid in silk seems to have come to stay. It has a wonderful way of relieving a quiet costume, and is becoming to nearly everyone.

Two new spring costumes are about completed. They are intended for very early spring, and therefore have departed very little from the winter gown. The first is duil blue, rather pale, closely striped with black velvet. It is of comply out, and the skirt has a gathered border of brown velvet at the edge of a rich leopard shade. A Figuro jacket of brown velvet, closely fitting, crosses in front, and is edged with an terie of brown and blue from which falls a pretty chenille and ball frings. This passementerie and fringe also appear at the bottom of the velvet puff of the sleeve, falling over the blue cuif. The back has a Watteau of the same striped material as the gown, soming from beneath the Figure, and forming rather more of a train than one sees these days.

But the train is at least more endurable than the dreaded hoop skirt. Let us be devoutly thankful that the princess of Wales has declared against it. If London society does not take it up there is some hope for the boor American women that can do nothing but follow London's or Paris' leading. Besides being grateful to the princess of Wales, should not the women of the hand also extend a vote of thanks to the honorable gentlemen who have so kindly endeavored to relieve their disture against the dreadful thing? L was most thoughtful of them, and we feel sure their act was prompted by no welfish mostive.

But I have almost forgotten my second spring dress. It is extremely simple, as the early gowns of the season should be. The material is a diagonal, the shade a soft chocolate brown. The skirt, of round cut, has no trimming save three very scant ruffles of the earns material. The want is quite plain, closing invisibly at the side, and with the slight fullness drawn in at the beit in front beneath a pointed velvet beit, shade of gown. At the neck is a very small triple velvet collarette, the longest of the three just reaching the salders. The only touches of colorabout the gown are the gold brooch that clasps the velvet collar, the yellow gloves and the bright yellow plumes in the become hat.

An evening boffice that is yet quiet enough to wear in Lent is a thing to be desired. Here are two-choose which you will: First, & gameo or soft light muterial fulled on the shoulders both back and front, with the fullness all gathered into the center of the bodice and caught in a big gold or fancy buckle; beneath, a tight-fitting, pointed. belt, very light, of wivet or other material; aleeves with two great double puffs above the plain coff; bows on the sliculders. The other is quite different, has a full gathered games front stretched across from arm to arm, the fullness being round and falling loosely in the middle; over is a short black volvet jacket, lying back in large rosers over the arms, and lower down standing far apart, to show the gunsy fullness, held down by great buttons. Below a full grante belt in caught with a resette at the side, from which fall ribbon streamers. The sleeves are black retret. Evs A. Schroger.

Changed Her Thought.

fient came spen in this year before we realized it. We had just gotten well late a fascinating, bewitching round of garnty when americally railed a huit. and we were obliged to stop with such . a crebben jark that it has made us feel unconfectable over since. We are used ally given an opportunity to gradually recention organizes to the change, box everything is about two meets about this makes, and we accordingly forgot all along the fact that the soler, quick days for machine team right upon en-But on Assessment are as very adapti-

brailed appropriate frame, with branch able that it has below supersimily these great for Lord, formeror, select one of a williago cherolic during giving according grant question in the major to major to get a different about the pretty new camera hair or seft in the first thin for the for the for the grant question in the major thoughton quite a different should be sent in mar.

direction, and now the girls have stopped talking about the possibilities of the hospokirt, and are giving all their attention instead to the cutting of aprons and dresses and petticouts for the poor. You would never guess, could you see them gathered around the table piled high with course stuffs, that they had not touched such things for months. They are just as particular about the cut and the seams and the peat stitch as if they had no other interest in the world, and they will accomplish a wonderful amount in those seven busy weeks.

But it isn't the only thing they do. There is a loophole, not a very small one, either, by which they can edge in considerable gayety in a very harmless manner. The atternoon test is such a very inoffensive meson of entertainment that it has not been placed beneath the ban, and you may go to a tea every day without provoking adverse criticism. Here you may retire into a ancluded corner, if there happens to be one, and converse more confidentially in the fading afternoon light with your most particular mule friend than in the crowded ballroom. And if the ten be given in your own home, or if you be one of the favored few selected to assist your bostess in pouring tea, you may even, with perfect propriety, wear a pretty home gown cut rather low, with elbow sleeves. Then you will get such opportunity to display all your sweet graces as has been afforded you



at no swagger evening affair of the winter past. Therefore, take heart, my pretty maid, and make the most of

our opportunities. Would you look particularly fascinating at one of these affairs, so different now from the tea that once was, with tiny cup and plain cakes? Then find out, if you can, just what sort of a one your hostess will give. If it is to be a color tea, discover the tint and gown secordingly.

Do not match the shade unless you pour tea, but dress in such color as will blend or effectively contrast with your surroundings. For instance, does the tes assume a pale, old rose tint? Then wear a dull blue. Is it gold? Get out your purple costume. Is it delicate Wear darker greens or soft browns. I have in mind a very beautiful costume in old blue bengaline, velvet and lace that would be charming for such an occasion. The skirt is blue bengaline, with a single tiny ruffle at the foot. Above the ruffle is a row of small velvet puffs, put on stiff and straight, with no joining. The bodice has a pretty white mousseline de sole front, full, narrow and pointed in at the waist line. At each shoulder there is a small plaited semi-collarette of blue velvet, a few shades darker than the silk, lying only on the shoulders, and then sloping down the front ha narrow pieces to edge the full front. Then the velvet shoulder plaits are edged with rare old lace, that falls over the big sleeve proper, and that also edges, but more narrowly, the velvet down the front. The lace finishes at the waist in a pretty little knot.

Another gown for calling, a trifle more sedate in cut, though not in combination of color, is made of dark rich green. The skirt has nothing but four or five folds of the material at the edge, and all thought is bestowed apon the bodice. Here there is a lavishness of solor that can scarcely be reconciled. with the massaming skirt. Commencag in front, we find a small, full gaune out of very pale gold shade. It is edged by gallon, embroidered in pearls of all the protty light shades. Next comes a second vest, full, of green gauze, necessarily divided by the center one and coming down below it in the center. This is also edged by the pearl trimming. Then the bodies, of miredr weivet, takes up its part, and continues on around the back. The sleeves start with hig puffs, it is quite needless to remark, and end with cuffs that are alternate velvet and pourt stripes. Finally there's a beautifully-embroidered belt added.

A keeply old lady, with bale of true aliver, gives a few next week and wears the following: Silver gray crepon, exact shade of hair, with white crops fromt from neck to feet. At the neck it is smocked to form a pointed poles and then falls plain, with a tiny embroidered edge at the fact. A silver girdle chaps the looseness of the gown and deep tace ruffles fall over the delicate. hands of the old lady, who has the fair-

est, freshest complexion in the world. If works are not wealthy enough to order a complete change of garments for the Lemies season, at least we can remodel the mine we have to some extens. We can take that very startling red or green wing from our hat and substitute's quiet how or flower. We can replace the brilliant lining is one cape or must by black, or some dark shade that will yo with it. We can subsitting come medical-induced glove for and glowing rollints, and by these methnets occurred ourselves been care democra-

measurableing daring in If you roully intend to girl a new one. merces light shades of dull blue fact and tractive look after the repe mixer, et al., that we have been wearing all win-The new black granadines are per-

ticularly inviting, and make such pretty gowns für quiet, social evenings, over plain, light colors. These grenadines are not like the ones of old. They are found with fine, couled stripes running through them, and with other etripes besprinkled with time jet bends. Then one pattern has a moire stripe, a grenatine stripe, and finally, a corded stripe. Others have a antin stripe, and still others have flower patierns outlined over them, in eastern designs, palm leaves and small patterns. Those materials hang beautifulty and wear weil, which furt makes them especially desirable. Some of the spring goods shade, just like the veirets do. pretty one starts with a very faint bine

and deepens into a dark, dail shade. I saw a woman this week that wore guch a remaible shopping costume that I couldn't help admiring it. She seemed to be sensible all around, and to purchase what she wanted in a quiet, business-like way, for even the gentleman that accompanied her didn't look a trifle bored, but seemed quite content to follow her from counter to counter and from shop to shop. She were a plain, dark-brown skirt of cheviot, of new cut, with but slight flare, and a perfectly plain tight-fitting sealskin bodies. The bodice stopped exactly at the waist line, fitting so closely that she needed no It was simply turned in, with no uddition whatsoever. Then a plaited collarette, particularly short at the shoulders, but coming straight down to the walst, both back and front, in a broad point, finished the costume. Her hat was dark brown velvet, with velvet loops and a few graceful wings at one side. There wasn't unother woman near her so simply dressed, and not another one, either, so admirably suited to the busy surroundings as she. EVA A. SCHUBERT.

Woman of Affairs.

Mrs. Laura A. Palmer, wife of the well known theatrical manager, is a remarkable example of feminine executive ability. The lady is of English birth, but



came to this country when a tiny child. and while some family ties still endear the older country to her heart her tastes, interests and sentiments proclaim her loyalty to American customs and insti-

In addition to her personal supervision of her home at the corner of Madison avenue and Sixty-fifth street, New York, where four children receive her affectionate care, she is an active worker in the charities connected with Holy Triuity church, of which she is a member, a director of the Hahrennann hospital, the Woman's guild, the Ladies' Health Protective association, the Little Mothers' and the Blue Anchor societies. Mrs. Fulmeralso fills the chair of philanthropy of Sorosis, and her cordial spirit and breezy welcome to new members in the Goethe society, of which her husband is president, has breathed new life into that intellectual chub, which was languishing from suffocating conservatism. Her literary gifts are of an uncommon order, and her fucile pen has been employed with signal success in translating and dramationg plays presented at her has-

tend's theaters. To her ability to plan and execute, to crill and command a legion of workers, is largely due the trophy of \$175,000 notted by the Actors' Fund fair to the trenstry of the association. The latest project of her busy brain, an idea committed. during the progress of the fair, is the recently organized Protessional Woman's league, a benevolent, protective and philanthropic society that is designed to throw its sheltering arms about girls and women engaged in professional pursuits. Mrs. Palmor was elected to the presidency of this organization by unanimone acclamation, and it may be noted that her executive abilities have been more widely recognized when it is stated that to her was tendered space, with the charge and control of a dramatic exhibit, at the World's fair, an honor she was compelled to regretfully decline for want of time suit strength to devote to so fast an undertaking

Girls Do not Harry. Rejected levers may find consolation from the impostodys and some of the elevered and hand-most have been referred, and thus they have been theless transped to live on and win turns and ferture again the Brandon Barrier. Shalospeace is applifted with assessment to knowledge of humanity and its ways and be described Renner, the prince of lovers, as being rejected by the fair firmited only just before fulfet fell in line with him.

A certain John Sout once proposed a Mich Allgrand White smarting from her distalls he happeard to enter

as the father would have nothing to say to him, he induced her to clope, and this though three wealthy suitors were already at her feet. John Scott lived to be the carl of Eldon and lord high chaquellor and never regretted the day Miss Allgood rejected him.

Byron was refused several times. He proposed to Miss Millbanke, a great befreen and was rejected, though the lady expressed a wish to correspond with him. He then proposed to are other lady and his suit was rejected. too. Nothing dauntied, he renewed his proposal to Miss Millbanke, and this time received a very flattering acceptance. They lived together, however, very anhappily.

One of the most persistent sultors who ever proposed and was rejected was the eccentric Cruden, compiler of the concordance to the Bible. Miss Abney, who had inherited a large fortune, was the subject of his attentions. For mouths and mouths he pestered her with calls and letters. When she left home he had papers printed, which he distributed in various places of worship, asking the congregation to pray for her safe return, and when she returned home be issued others asking the worshipers to return thanks. Miss Abner never became Mrs. Cruden.

"A Fine Figure of a Woman." Poor, honest Joe Gargery, in "Great Expectations," could find no word of praise for his shrewish wife further than that she was "a fine figure of a woman. Vet it means not a little praise, since a number of pleasing attributes go to the making of a comely woman. The possession of only a few may render her charming, but if others are attainable there can be no question that they are desirable as well.

She who would be attractive in person studies her own health-what she may and may not do with immunity, what tires or wears upon her and what is refreshing and exhiberating. She avoids medicines and doctors, knowing that a semi-invalid has few bodily charms, but she scrupulously follows all those simple laws of hygiene which may be adopted without exciting comment. She is never a crank

So she is never conspicuous in her dress, yet she is almost always a trifle odd-that is, she robes herself in the current fashion, but seeking some individuality, which causes admiring friends to call her toliets "just like her" and at tempt to reproduce them in vain.

She leaves cosmetics in any form rell- ways said there wasn't a woman who giously alone, as she is far from sharing that simple trust of the beplastered face—that it will pass with onlookers for the roses and lilies of health. She bather regularly and thoroughly not only for samtary reasons. She has in mind that first impression made upon every one by the beauty Langtry, which was voiced by one person: "She seems as though she had that moment come from her bath. The effect of spotless cleanliness



is at the back of her reputation for good

The attractive woman reads, too, and observes sharply. She may not be naturally very clever, and if not she is at least wise enough to be unassuming. A pretense at pedantry would render laughable another Cleopatra. Still, because comeliness is only "skin deep" and may pall upon the constant observer, she has sufficient wit to seek for other graces of every sort and kind, among the rest these that come from a plentiful supply of small talk and from a general knowledge of men and things as they are recorded in the daily papers. She 'keeps up with the timm," as an old fashioned saying has it.

There to one thing more. The fine figure of a woman is not complete unless it is well mobiled physically and mentally as has been seen and also spiritually as well. She timet have toot to imitute virties if she have them not, and so never to affend by angrestion of immodesty, irreverence or conserves of thought or action. Then, in seeth, is this shall we say rars avial-nobly planned "to warn, to comfort and command. RUYS RAIL.

Served Her Shor For Supper.

Brecarkable instances of gallantey are the subject of an article in the San Francisco Examingr, which save-In London a confery ago it true no moommon practice on the part of the "Dat men" to drink humpers to the health of a halv out of her shoe.

The carl of Lork relates an inclident of this kind and to corry the countly point still further, he waster that the bits beared to be dressed and served up for suppor.

The rook and himself sectionaly as work upon its he polled the apper part. publish man of time damages to be fine showly and tressed it up into a regent, planet the arise out the wasten had into thin effices, fried them in batter and placed them round the dish for garnish. The company testified their affection for the lady by cating hearing of this exquisite imprompts.

him this winter's eve. He was tist "BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH." ally also to talk about something wherever be was, but now he couldn't say a He was a west and body fitty blended-A crywdiag spirit in its giant frame, And now they say his words and deeds are word if his life depended on it, though he tried desperately several times to start a conversation. And the widow sist And Phillips Brooks is nothing but a name. there apparently entirely uncouncions, with her mind seemingly fixed upon But words as applien do not rease in saying.
The decids so done act on foreversions.
Life and the rippied pool, one law obeying.
Are stirred from center to the farthest els

-Walter Storys Bigelow

YANKEE COURTING.

If may one was better known than an-

other for miles around the village of

Conway, it was Deacon Harding, the pil-

strictest selectman the New Hampshire

village had ever known. He had never

married, and some folks said he was too

mean, and that all he thought about was

parting up a goodly share of this world's

goods to his credit in order that he might

tice of the next. But then people will

It was therefore a matter of consid-

erable speculation among his neighbors

when the deacon was seen to stop occasionally at the Widow Martin's cottage,

and muny and varied were the conjec-

was plump, rosy cheeked and good no

little world in which she lived. She had

heard (what woman does not?) of her

peighbors' talk about her, but being of

heed the stories Dame Rumor occasion-

ally circulates she kept on her way re-

The widow's cottage was an inviting

spot when the snow lay piled up in great

masses in the roadways and on the moun-

tain sides and the mercury was away be-

low zero. A bright light always shown

from the windows while the hickory logs

crackled and sputtered in the wide, open

fireplace. Everything about the place

was so nest, clean and wholesome look-

ing that one felt at home the moment he

crossed the threshold. At least that is

what Deacon Hardin thought as he came

in sight of the cozy home of the widow

while on his way to a meeting of the town

The deacon was feeling cold and out

of sorts generally, and somehow his

ideas had been traveling for weeks past

in a direction decidedly singular for such

a confirmed backelor as he. All ap-

peared to lead up to one object, and that

was the Widow Martin. The deacon

was getting on dangerous ground, but

he didn't seem to know it. He had al-

could catch him. He had lived so long

without one that he was not going to be

taken in by any of them at his sime of

higher every time he hugged this conso-

Lot this particular evening he was

unaccountably lonely and disspirited.

Everybody who was anybody in Con-

way was full of rest and cheer and just

brimful of happiness. The spirit of the

holidays was everywhere, but the deacon

was alone. There was no one to welcome

him, no one to greet him at his home,

was deaf and ill tempered enough to sour

her and to warm himself before going to

been told there was anything else on his

tion ridiculous. The widow heard the

deacon's buckboard step-in fact, she

had seen him coming up the road-and

was in order, long before the deacon's

voice was heard on the frosty air and

of the cottage. By the time he had

blanketed and covered his horse and

and was waiting for her visitor.

his boots before entering.

fro at the other.

him to the shed out of the cold blace

that swept down the hillsides and across

"I just thought I'd stop a minute, Mrs.

cold out the afternoon," said the deacon,

stamping his feet to shake the snow from

"I'm roni glad to are you, deacon

In a few moments Descen Harding

Come right in and sit down by the fire."

had removed his heavy cont and think

As his go foroper increased the dea-

con kept I ing over at the widow,

What a nice, pleasant little women she

was, to be were, and she was pretty, too

- there was no suistake about that! He

sat there enjoying his noval semantious

er thout speaking for a long time. Surely

mind, he would have thought the sugges-

the biggest cask of cider in his cellar.

fon to his breast.

gardless of all the gossips said.

make better provision for the comm

some trifle she was sewing. Did she have an idea of what was pass ing in her visitor's mind? Of course not. Women are such dear, innecest cretures, especially widows. The descent grew restless as the minutes passed swift-ly by, and finally, as if the heat was too great, he got up and moved away from the fire. Somehow, when he settled down again, his chair was much neater the widow, but she didn't seem to notice the lar of the Methodist church and the change and kept on sewing.

"It's powerful cold today, Mrs. Martin. There'll be a heavy frost tonight, I rockon," remarked the deacon, finding his speech at last.

1"Do tell, deacon," replied the widow, shuddering, "but don't you think you'd get chilled if you sit so far from the first Do draw up closer and get warm; you've got quite a way to go to town, and you just take care of yourself in such terri-

"Yes, ma'am; it be chilly, that's a fact. I think I will move up a piece to

tures about the outcome. The widow "How kind she is?" the descen kept re-peating to himself as he edged marer toward the biazing logs and at the same tured, and her dear departed having left her more than two years before she was, as she believed herself, fully qualified to time draw closer to the rocker, where the widow still aut sowing. be considered among the eligibles of the

"I saw you at church last Sunday, Mrs. Martin. The minister preached a powerful sermon, didn't her" remarked the deacon after another long interval that happy disposition which does not "Yes, deacon, and it did me a power

of good too." "I'm real glad to hear you say that, Mrs. Martin," exclaimed the descen-His face fairly beamed with delight, while if the truth must be told be absolutely chuckled and robbed his hands on his knees as if surpething had imprened with which he was immensely delighted "Do you recall what the parson preached

It must have been the heat from the burning legs that caused the widow's cheeks to blush so. She couldn't even look up from her sewing as the replied:

"Well, come to think of it, deacon, I think it was about weddings and such things, but I ain't quite sure, for I didn't pay much attention, I'm afraid, to that part of the discourse."

The chairs were getting very close "That's it, thut's it," cried the descort, bringing his hands down upon his knees with a slap that startled the canary from his perch and set the widow's heart beating furiously. "That's it. And don't you remember where he said that it wasn't good for man to live alone? I think be told the truth, don't your"

The chairs touched now. The deacen was absent from the town meeting that life. Not he, and he grew several inches evening.

When the villagers assembled at church next day, they saw a little woman sitting beside Deacon Harding: It was the Widow Martin. She was wedded to the deacon, for the parson had said it wasn't good for men to be alone. - B. A. MacDenald in Burnlo Express.

Some Beautiful Women The portraits of beauties of the time of Washington's imaggaration show the

except, perhaps, his old housekeeper, who highest femining charms of wit, feeling beart and mind in faces which wore their bloom stannelly up to fifty. It was no wonder, then, that as he Mrs. Jay, daughter of Eufus King. reached the Widow Martin's cottage he with her black heir and brilliant blue determined to stop just for a chat with eyes: Mrs. Bayard, whose pictured face it is impossible to see and not love; the the meeting. That was all. If he had

faithful, frank wife of Alexander Bainliton, who could have kept her gallant husband from his evring ways had she been more of a woman and less of a Many will recall, says the New York

there had been a hasty glance over the Journal, Mmr. Kuttersdoeff, the singer, room, and just a peep in the looking when ever furty, beautiful as an image glass on the mantel to see if everything of rose and white Parlan, and Rose Eytinge, whether among the tapestrees of her snugly picturesque rooms or tathe wheels had ceased to revolve in front full sanlight, who defied take more sucresafully than any beauty who has ever troit the sture.

Fortune was none too kind to either of these two women; indeed, it seems us if them best defied cours who were constantly stirred up to effort. It depends upon a woman herself more than upon her advantages whether she can retain her charms and her youth up to three-score.

Weishmen in This Country.

"Wales," said a western Weishman, 'has given three presidents to the United States Jefferson, Adams and Monroe. Thomas Jefferson was pure Welsh, too, and the Weishmen of New York are now organizing a movement to erect a grand moroment to him. There are five million Weish and their immediate describants to this country, and over one million two hundred thou sand pure Welsh and their first denconducts. The Weish, Irish and Scotch are, in my opinion, all offshoots of the little band of Arrians that passed over from Little Brittany and settled on what are now the British isles."

